

Horoscopes

by 531441

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Summary: Honey's magazine gives some predictions that Nice misinterprets. Minor wordplay and light NiceArt. Seventeen Magazine's horoscopes were disappointingly not-shallow, so I had to write my own.

Horoscopes

"Hey, Honey! What you reading?" Birthday announced, sliding up onto a barstool flirtatiously.

"Be quiet. I'm doing research"

"Hmm? _Research_?" Birthday reiterated in surprise. "Fromâ€| Super Teen Sparkle Magazine?"

Honey growled. "The articles are top-notch. It's the best place to get information on current trends. You'd never understand."

"Hmmmm? If you wanted information, you could always hire me. Let's seeâ€|" Birthday cheered, ripping the magazine out of Honey's hands. "Special review for 'Butler Super Adventure'. In an all-boys butler academy, Yuuto becomes terribly lonely, his emotions only able to be quelledâ€| by his handsome roommate!?"

"Give me that back!" Honey screamed, blushing lightly.

"Oh my~ I didn't know Honey was into _Boys Love_. Maybe I'll forget if you let me~"

"Don't disrespect Honey's possessions." Three threatened, standing up. Birthday's eyes widened at the man's colossal form and dropped the magazine like a dead weight. Still blushing, Honey scooped it up protectively and sat back down.

"For the record, this belongs to Koneko." Honey muttered quietly,

flipping back to her page. "I was just checking my horoscope."

"Ahâ€| horoscopes." Birthday glanced timidly back at Three, who had returned to a more peaceful sitting posture. "Wouldâ€| would you be so kind as to tell me mine?"

"I guess I could, since you asked so nicely." Honey replied, smirking with restored energy. "Let's seeâ€| 'The stars just don't seem to like you, today! Be wary of black cats and ladders, and opt for the stairs instead of escalators. Avoid the color yellow like the plague.'"

"What?" The PI gasped, sneaking a quick glance at his mustard-colored shirt. "Well, you'll let me read yours, right? Hmmmâ€| 'It's a great day for the chase, whether it be that perfect score on your math test, or the cutie that sits behind you. Start up a conversation, maybe step out of your comfort zone~ your lucky color today is purple.' Hey, if you want someone to help you out of your comfort zone, I would gladly assist you~"

"You two look comfortable." Murasaki grunted, slamming open the door. Nice followed him inside languidly. He seemed a bit annoyed.

"Hey! Speaking of purple~ Murasaki, Nice! How was the job?" Birthday inquired, slipping back off the stool. Honey rolled her eyes and returned to her magazine.

"Satisfactory" Murasaki answered, sitting down delicately. Nice snickered.

"This four-eyed fool got us lost."

"Actually, it was you who decided to take the wrong turnâ€|"

"Well, you should have stopped me! I'm supposed to meet Art here any minute now."

"Ah~ speaking of boys love~" Birthday whispered, grinning. Nice and Honey shot him killer glares.

"What the hell, Birthday!?"

"Three! "

"I told you not to disrespect Honey." The gigantic man bellowed. Birthday obediently sunk back against the bar.

"Without Ratio here to protect you, you're useless." Honey quipped angrily. She returned back to the magazine. Nice approached her cautiously

"Soâ€| what are you reading?" he asked limply, stalling for time until Art arrived. Birthday covered his mouth with one hand, trying to suppress his laughter.

"Horoscopes." she shot back curtly. "Yours saysâ€| 'Today is the day to shake things up! Head out to a new restaurant with your BF, and be sure to wear that cute skirt and heels combo you bought on a whim. Love is in the air for you, so don't worry about moving too fast. The

color blue is best for today. '"

"Hunh? Well, Art is my best friendâ€| so I guess we could go to a new restaurant. Art was talking about this place known for its cakesâ€|"

"Woah, Nice, I don't think they meant your best friend." Birthday interjected, barely keeping his giggles under control.

"What else could they mean? What kind of magazine is that, anyway?"

"It's just a normal magazine! You boys are so nosy!"

"Ahâ€| it's as energetic as always hereâ€|" a graceful voice rang out, in harmony with the bell attached to the door. At the entrance stood Art, clad in a casual button down, cardigan, jeans, and a gentle smile.

"Hey! Art! We were just talking about you!" Nice exclaimed, pulling Art into a hug.

"I hope those it was good things." the inspector replied modestly.

Birthday was having an even harder time containing his laughter. "Yo, Honey. Read Art's horoscope!"

"Sure thing. 'Forget about your worries for now! Today is all about you (and maybe your hunky lab partner). Pick a nice place to unwind. Turn on some of your favorite jams, draw a bubble bath, indulge yourself in a little full-fat ice cream! Maybe go for a nice, relaxing picnic in a park with your BF! Either way, make today your day.'" Now both blondes were having difficulty not laughing.

"A picnic in a park, hunh? That sounds like fun!" Nice rejoiced, motioning towards the door. "My horoscope told me to go to a new restaurant, like that one with great cakes you were talking about. We could walk through the park afterwards, if you want."

"Ha, ha. That sounds great, Nice." Art responded, seeming slightly nervous. It was evident that he understood the correct contextual meaning of "BF". "Well, see all of you later, then." He called, raising one hand in salutation as Nice led him out the door.

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"So, speaking of pushing your boundaries, Honeyâ€|"

End
file.